





LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

246



By FRANK L. STANTON

Author of

Songs of the Soil, Up from Georgia, etc.



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To
VALENTINE · FRANK
AND
MARCELLE

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THE LITTLE VOLUNTEERS

Handkerchiefs for little flags,
 Epaulette—a rose;
Hobby-horses for their nags,
 And—off the cavalry goes!
(They've heard the fireside talk of war,
And that's what they've enlisted for!)

With little shiny swords of tin
 (O patriotic sons!)
And garden-plots for fighting in,
 With Lilliputian guns,
They march to forts and fairy ships,
With mother's kisses on their lips.

And fierce shall rage the fight and long,
 Till from the flower-sweet west
The shadows fall, and even-song
 Shall summon them to rest.
Then mother's kisses, and "Good-night"
Beneath their little tents of white!

THE FABLE OF THE SMALL GENTLEMAN

A small little gentleman took him a wife:

“What a catch!”

“What a match!”

Said the people.

He was slim—he was small,

But the lady was tall—

Oh, a rival she was for a steeple!

No house in the land where the little man dwelt

Would admit her

Or fit her—

Poor mortal!

The doors were too small

For a lady so tall,

And she never could stoop to a portal!

The little man sighed and the little man cried

’Gainst the gates

And the fates

That had found her,

FABLE OF THE SMALL GENTLEMAN

Till at last he decided—

While neighbors derided—

To e'en build a dwelling around her!

The architects, carpenters, thronged at his side,

While massive

And passive,

The lady

(Naught else would content her)

Stood straight in the center—

Her shadow made ten acres shady!

They hammered and sawed for a twelvemonth or more,

Till above her—

Lord love her!—

The building

At last was completed—

Gas-lit and steam-heated,

And the sun, being near, did the gilding.

But alas! and alas! for the small little man!

To wait

For the fate

That should bind him!

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

When he settled the cost,
In the house he was lost,
And the tall lady never could find him!

She shrieked and she shouted his name to the walls:
"He is here—
He is there!"

Ever feeling
Her way like a cat;
But he looked like a rat,
Or a wee bit o' mouse o' the ceiling!

He was lost to the lady forever—alas!
"What a match!"
"What a catch!"

Said the people.
"So," quoth they, "in the lurch,
Let the house be a church,"
And they stuck her on top for a steeple!

IN CHRISTMAS LAND

In the beams and gleams came the Christmas dreams
To the little children there,
And hand in hand, to the Christmas land,
'Neath the Christmas skies so fair,
They went away in a magic sleigh
That tinkled with silver bells,
Over the white of the snow, one night,
Where the King of the Christmas dwells.

They saw him marshal his soldiers small,
In beautiful, bright brigades;
At the tap o' the drum they saw them come
With guns and glittering blades.
The little soldiers were made of tin,
With painted coats of red,
And they drilled away, with their banners gay,
By a cute little captain led.

But alas! for the King o' the Christmas land
And the march that his soldiers made!
For the dolls were dressed in their very best—
Oh, the dolls were on dress parade!

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

And they smiled so sweet at the soldiers brave—
Each beautiful, fairy doll,
They dropped their guns for the smile they gave,
An' ran away with them all!

But—such is the wonder of Christmas land—
When in the morning light
The children woke from the Christmas dreams,
There stood the soldiers bright;
And the dolls were smiling their sweetest smiles,
And they said: "From our land so true
The soldiers brought us a thousand miles
To the homes and the hearts of you!"

THE RATTLESNAKE'S BREAKFAST

The table was spread in the sunniest dell,
And the Rattlesnake rattled the breakfast bell;
But the little birds said
In the blooms overhead:
"It's a beautiful table, and daintily spread;
But the rills give us drink, and the blooms give us
bread:
No birds for the Rattlesnake's breakfast!"

A COUNTRY PROSPECT

Want to get away off—
Taste the woodland joys;
Think I'll take a day off—
Day off with the boys.

Hear the kildees calling
In a loved retreat
Where the nuts are falling
And the honey's sweet!

Take the city's riot—
All its dazzling gleams,
For the old-time quiet—
For the old-time dreams!

Dreams I dreamed away off,
With the woodland joys
And a glorious day off—
Day off with the boys!

THE UNFORTUNATE HOPPER-GRASS

The Hopper-grass he heard 'twas Spring,
And then he went to springin';
The Mocking-bird he twitched him in,
And then he went to singin':

"The Hopper-grass"—
That was his tune—
"He hopped too high
And hopped too soon!"

The Lizard on the fence-rail high
His blanket spread, and shook it;
Said he: "I'll leave it there to dry."
But Mister Blacksnake took it!

Then Mister Blacksnake
Winked his eyes:
"You've too much blanket
For your size."

THE VALENTINE MAN

The Valentine Man—he's in hiding to-day,
For his work for the season is over;
He packed up his grip
For a holiday trip—
Went off in the darkness and gave us the slip,
And he's laughing and rolling in clover!

The joy and the bane of true lovers, he sends
Full many a beautiful token;
But on Valentine's Day
(So the sad lovers say)
He shakes and he shivers and hies him away
From the sight of the hearts he has broken!

But for one that is sad there are two that are glad—
That would hug and would kiss and caress him;
And were he but near them,
And only could hear them,
I'm sure, in the future, he never would fear them;
For their song is: "God bless him! God bless him!"

THE RIVER

Wish I could get back to-day
To the meadowy fields of May
Where we went the shadowy way
 To the river;
Where a little world of joys
Blossomed round the barefoot boys
As they went with jocund noise
 To the river.

Splash! splash!
The wavelets dash,
And the splintered sunbeams flash
 Where the maples
 Used to quiver
On the cool road
 To the river!

Wish I could get back to-day
Where the mosses trailed in gray
And the lilies felt the spray
 Of the river;

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

Where, above its banks of green,
Well I loved to loll and lean
In the shadow and the sheen
Of the river.

Splash! splash!
The wavelets dash,
And the splintered sunbeams flash
Where the oak leaves
Used to quiver
On the cool banks
Of the river.

Wish I could get back to-day!
But the gold has left the gray;
Long the winters, brief the May,
And the river
With its gloom and with its gleams,
Where life's dying sunset streams,
Ripples through an old man's dreams
Faintly ever.

THE LITTLE LADY

Little bit of a lady—

Isn't she sweet and wise,

With all the light of the stars of night

And the morning in her eyes!

Little bit of a lady,

With the morning in her eyes!

Little bit of a lady—

Life is a sweet surprise;

She does not know where the roses grow—

If earth hath songs or sighs.

Little bit of a lady,

With the morning in her eyes!

Little bit of a lady!

Time on his fleet wing flies;

But violets sweet at her fairy-feet,

And love when the springtime dies,

For the little bit of a lady

With the morning in her eyes!

THE SUMMER BRIGADE

They've made a pathway to the swamp
Where leafy boughs are arching,
And day by day they steal away—
And tramp! the boys are marching!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!
Where the air is cool and damp;
Never spend your life in wishing
When there's fishing—fishing—fishing!

Away they go in great brigades
While boys with bait-cans follow;
They fright the rabbits in the glades,
The raccoons in the hollow!

Tramp! tramp! tramp!
Where the air is cool and damp;
Never spend your life in wishing
When there's fishing—fishing—fishing!

A YOUTHFUL FISHERMAN

There's fun out there in the country air,
Where the trees is swishin'—swishin';
I don't know nothin', but I just don't keer—
For I want to go a-fishin'.
I want to go ten miles from town,
Where the breezes blow and the cork goes down!

There's fun there in the country air
Where the trees don't need no trimmin';
I don't know nothin'—and I won't next year,
For I want to go a-swimmin'.
I want to go where you see the sights—
Where the 'gator grunts, and the catfish bites.

There's fun out there in the country air,
Where the swallows go a-skimmin',
And you ain't pertickler 'bout what you wear,
And the folks believe in swimmin'.
Oh, the fish, they bite from spring to fall,
But a boy ain't got no show at all!

THE VANISHING GUEST

The little old man with the silver hair
And the burdened back is the old, old year;
Within is laughter, and love, and light,
 Without is snow,
 Where the cold winds blow
And the bare trees shiver in shrouds of white;
 Where is he going to-night, to-night?

 He is going away;
 For a smile will he stay
With the children there in the hall at play?
 Nay, nay, nay!
 There's a tear in his eye
 As he bids them good-by—
He is going away—away!

He is going away in the night and storm
From the faces fair and the firesides warm.
The snow on the mountain lies deep and white,
 The keen winds cry
 To the ghostly sky
And put the clouds and the stars to flight.
 Where is he going to-night, to-night?

THE VANISHING GUEST

He is going away;

Will he turn—will he stay

Where dwell the men of the locks grown gray?

Nay, nay, nay!

He bids them good-by

With a tear and a sigh—

He is going away—away!

Kisses and sighs for him—let him go!

He shall find rest in the night and the snow:

Gone with his grief—with his darkness and light,

With his prayers

And his tears—

His losses and crosses—his wrong and his right,

Gone with the shadows and dreams of the night!

Drifting away

From the winter and May:

Shall the darkness appal him—the light bid him stay?

Nay, nay, nay!

With a tear and a sigh

And “Good-night” and “Good-by!”

He is going away—away!

WHEN KATIE COMES

When Katie comes climbin' to kiss me,
With the golden an' light-givin' hair,
An' is holdin' me tight
With her soft arms an' white,
It's "Oh! but you'll smother me, dear!
Then, what will you do for a mother to kiss?"
"An' I don't want no mother," says Katie, "but this!"

When Katie comes climbin' to kiss me,
It's "Oh! for the blue skies an' fair,
An' roses that bloom
In the valleys of gloom
When she's kissin' an' callin' me dear.
An' what would you do with no mother to kiss?"
"An' I'll always have this one," says Katie, "like this!"

WHEN THE BOYS GO HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

When the boys go home for Christmas won't they have
a jolly time!

Won't the cabin floors be sandy, an' the fiddles sing in
rhyme?

An' from Billville up to Glory won't they all be feelin'
prime—

When the boys go home for Christmas in the mornin'!

When the boys go home for Christmas, don't you know
that they will meet

The friends they knew in youth-time, when the world
with flowers was sweet?

They'll know the hearts that loved 'em, by the music of
their beat

When the boys go home for Christmas in the mornin'!

When the boys go home for Christmas, many hearts they
loved they'll miss—

Songs that were ever sweeter than a dreamer's song,
like this!

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

Even hearts that heard their own hearts—and lips they
loved to kiss,

When the boys go home for Christmas in the mornin'!

When the boys go home for Christmas from here and
everywhere,

Let them leave behind life's lonesomeness—forget the
vacant chair;

May they see the tranquil spirit of the Christ who made
it there—

When the boys go home for Christmas in the mornin'!

HIS GIFT

Purties' li'l' feller,
Wid dem eyes er his;
What he give his mammy?
Nuthin' but a kiss!

Dat enough fer Christmas?
Mammy say it is!
All he got to give her—
Chris'mus is a kiss!

Purties' li'l' feller—
Dat's des what he is!
Bless de li'l' heart er him—
Givin' all a kiss!

ONLY ONE OF 'EM

What Christmas means to him I know—
His arms are necklaced round me so!
And every day's a day like this:
Love, richer than the wide world is!
What Christmas means to him I know—
His dear arms necklaced round me so!

THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE SNOW

I

The little old man of the snow—

He stands in the lonesome night
When the wind blows chill and the clouds hang low
And the flakes fall ghostly white.
And the little fellows who sleep upstairs
And go to bed without saying their prayers,
He fills their dreams with fears and tears—
The little old man of the snow!

II

The little old man of the snow

Knows each little fellow in town;
He watches and waits at bad boys' gates
To catch 'em an' swallow 'em down!
He knows when they anger their mothers so,
And he chuckles and says to himself, "Oh, ho!
I'll open my mouth and down they'll go!"
This little old man of the snow!

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

III

The little old man of the snow—

 You'd better keep out of his way ;

For once a wee fellow was bad, you know,

 And the snow man stole him one day !

And he heard his mother call and call

His name far over the garden wall ;

But the old man swallowed him—shoes and all,—

 This little old man of the snow !

A LITTLE SWEETHEART

I've a little sweetheart, and she's frolicsome and queer;
Comes and asks for kisses every sweet day in the year;
Twines her arms around me; sways me to and fro;
But hers is love that found me years and years ago!

I've a little sweetheart, sung in all my rhymes:
One who says she loves me "a hundred million times!"
One whose hands have crowned me where sweetest roses
grow;
But hers is love that found me years and years ago!

I've a little sweetheart—loveliest of girls;
Kisses for her red lips and kisses for her curls!
With her dear arms round me, all of joy I know;
But hers is love that found me years and years ago!

THE OLD SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS

Oh, the old school exhibitions! will they ever come again,

With the good, old-fashioned speaking from the girls and boys so plain?

Will we ever hear old "Iser," with its rapid roll and sweep,

And "Pilot, 'tis a fearful night; there's danger on the deep"?

Sweet Mary doesn't raise her lambs like Mary did of old;

Their fleece is not "as white as snow"; they're wandering from the fold.

The boy upon "the burning deck" is not one-half as fine—

He was not "born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine!"
The girls don't speak in calico, the boys in cotton jeans;
They've changed the old-time dresses 'long with the old-time scenes;

They smile and speak in ancient Greek; in broadcloth and in lace;

And you can't half see the speaker for the collar 'round the face!

OLD SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS

O, the old school exhibition! it is gone forevermore!
The old schoolhouse is deserted, and the grass has
choked the door;
And the wind sweeps 'round the gables, with a low and
mournful whine
For the old boys "born at Bingen—at Bingen on the
Rhine!"

HIS MOTHER'S WAY

When he in his cradle sleepin',
Wid dat purty smile er his,
His mammy come a-creepin'
En wake him wid a kiss.

En den it's "Go ter sleepy,
Sweetheart, fer mammy's sake."
But, ain't a bit er use in it:
She kiss him right awake!

She allus dar a-peepin'
En talkin' out lak dis:
"He look so purty sleepin'
I 'bleege ter steal a kiss!"

En den it's "Go ter sleepy,
Sweetheart, fer mammy's sake!"
But, ain't a bit er use in it—
She kiss him right awake!

ROCK HIM TO SLEEP

He sich a li'l' trouble
Ter worry wid en keep!
Take him ter his mammy:—
Rock him ter sleep!

He 'min' you er de lilies
What neither sow nor reap;
Take him ter his mammy:—
Rock him ter sleep!

He gwine in de worl' now?—
De worl' 'll make him weep!
Take him ter his mammy:—
Rock him ter sleep!

A LITTLE FELLOW

Ho! little fellow—howdy do?
Long time since I've looked on you;
But I know your eyes are the same bright blue—
April eyes where the sun shines through;
You kissed me oft, and you loved me, too—
Ho! little fellow—howdy do?

Ho! little fellow—howdy do?
Seem to see, as I sit and view
Your picture there—on the mantel shelf,
The arms, the charms of your own dear self;
Your kiss was sweet and your love was true—
Ho! little fellow—howdy do?

Ho! little fellow—howdy do?
Same little fellow I one time knew?
Never a change for all the years—
Same sweet laughter and same bright tears?
Oh, for a kiss from the lips of you!
Ho! little fellow—howdy do?

A LITTLE FELLOW

Ho! little fellow—far away!
Dream some time of the words I say,
When the dark drifts over the eyes of blue,
And the angels look through the lace at you!
Dream that I love you, and love me, too—
Ho! little fellow—howdy do?

A SONG OF GOLDEN CURLS

Stay a little, golden curls—twinkling eyes of blue;
Stay and see the violets, for they are kin to you.
Linger where the frolic winds around the gardens race,
Cheeks like lovely mirrors, where the red rose sees its
face.

“Sweet! Sweet!”
All the birds are singing:
“Sweet! Sweet!”
The blossom bells are ringing;
Kisses from the red rose,
And kisses from the white—
Kissing you good-morning,
And kissing you good-night!

Stay a little, golden curls—brightening eyes of blue;
The violets are listening for the lovely steps of you;
The white rose bids you welcome, the red rose calls you
sweet,
And the daisies spread a carpet for the falling of your
feet.

A S O N G O F G O L D E N C U R L S

"Sweet! Sweet!"

All the birds are singing:

"Sweet! Sweet!"

The blossom bells are ringing;

Kisses from the red rose,

And kisses from the white—

Kissing you good-morning,

And kissing you good-night!

THE "SASSY" POSSUM

Rabbit run f'um de white man gun,
En 'Possum he take dat fer fun!

F'um top de tree
He wink at me,
Ez fat en sassy ez kin be!

But de Ax is keen ter cut 'im down,
En de Fire burn ter bake 'im brown;
En Rabbit call,
Ez de 'Possum squall,
"Good-by, Mister 'Possum—bones en all!"

A MOTHER'S SONG

She's the sweetest of the girls,
An' I'm kissing of her curls,
For they're fallin' like a shower o'er my bosom;
An' I've never seen the skies
That were bluer than her eyes,
Nor a blossom that is sweeter than my blossom!

Rock away, rock away,
Where the sleepy people stay,
An' the birds an' all the fairies are a-singin':
Rock away, rock away,
Till the breakin' o' the day.
Rock away while the dream-bells are a-ringin'!

She's the sweetest of the girls,
An' I'm kissing of her curls,
For they're lyin' like the moonlight on my bosom;
But there ne'er was moon as bright
As my darlin's curls o' light,
Nor a sweet rose that is sweeter than my blossom!

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

Rock away, rock away,
Where the sleepy people stay,
Rock away where the poppy-blooms are swingin';
Rock away, rock away,
Till the breakin' o' the day,
Rock away while the dream-bells are a-ringin'!

ON A LITTLE CHILD'S PICTURE

(J. J.)

Earth lights and heaven lights blended in her eyes,
And the June roses reddening in her cheeks;
This silent semblance—framed in Love's own skies,
Speaks of her mother. . . . And her mother
speaks!

BOY WITH THE LITTLE TIN HORN

What care we for skies that are snowing
On fields that no roses adorn;
For blizzards so icily blowing,
When the boy with the little tin horn
So merrily blows
As he goes, as he goes—
With eyes like the violet, cheeks like the rose?

He's the herald of Christmas—this fellow
Who rouses the dreamers at morn;
The notes are not soothing or mellow
That come from his little tin horn,
But he blows just the same
By the firelight's flame,
And we love him—and so, there is no one to blame.

He summons the soldiers, reclining
In corners great soldiers would scorn;
They rise, with their little guns shining,
And march to the little tin horn!

BOY WITH THE LITTLE TIN HORN

They are stiffer than starch
'Neath the chandelier's arch,

But they move when their curly-haired captain cries,
"March!"

For there never was music in battle,
Where the flags by the bullets are torn,
As brisk as the holiday rattle
Of the toy drum and little tin horn!

With a rubbing of eyes
All the soldiers arise

When the little tin horn sends a blast to the skies!

Blow, blow, little tin horn! No summer
Of song is as sweet as your notes!

And march, little rosy-faced drummer,
With the soldiers in little tin coats!

"Hep-hep! to the right!"

With your regiments bright,

And love for the captain who wins in the fight!

THE BACKWOODS SCHOOL

Mis'ry Jenkins!—Whar she at?

Ketch her arm, en shake her!

Come here, on dem foots so flat—

Rise up, en spell "Baker!"

"B-a, ba—

(Ain't dat de way?)

K-e-r, ker, baker!"

(Sence she spell

Dat word so well,

Head de class I'll make her!)

Knock-knee Jenkins!—Whar he at?

Come out dar, en blossom!

Hit you on dat head so flat

Ef you don't spell "'Possum!"

"P-o-s,—

(Dunno de res'!)"

Well, I'll give you sorrer

'Less you go

Whar 'possum grow,

En ketch me one termorrer!

THE BACKWOODS SCHOOL

All tergedder now in class—

Ever' li'l' sinner!

Don't you let de nex' word pass!—

Rise up, en spell "Dinner!"

"D-i-n—"

(Gentlemen!

Dis here ain't no funnin'—

Dar dey go!

En lightnin' sho'

Can't beat dem chillun runnin'!)

FOR A LITTLE ONE'S LOVE

I

Suns and stars in the heavens above,
But a life that longs for a little one's love;
A little one's love in the far away—
The sweetest rose in the red o' May!

She is climbing to kiss me—
Her lips smile there,
And I'm rich in the wealth
Of the gold of her hair!

II

Song o' the robin and moan o' the dove—
I am weary to-night for a little one's love;
To see in her dear eyes God's tenderest light,
And fold back her tresses, and kiss her "Good-night!"

She is climbing to kiss me—
How shines the dream there!—
And I'm kissing the curls
Of her beautiful hair!

FOR A LITTLE ONE'S LOVE

III

And the wide world is weary, and ever I seem
To move like a shadow that drifts through a dream;
And earth will not answer, nor heaven above,
When I cry in the dark for a little one's love!

 She is climbing to kiss me,
 Still radiant there,
And in dreams I am kissing
 Her beautiful hair!

WHAT'S THE USE?

Oh, what's the use in sighing
For things that can not be?
"When Molly puts the kettle on
We'll all have tea!"

And what's the use in crying
Because you've missed the tide?
"Wait for the wagon
And we'll all take a ride!"

THE WHIPPOORWILL

I

Oh, don't you hear them calling from the valley and the
hill—

“Whip-poor-will!”

When the twilight shadows gather and the world is
hushed and still,

And the stars are just like torches on the tip-top o' the
hill—

Whippoorwill, o' the meadows!

II

Don't you know what he is saying in the rosy twilight
still,

With his “Whippoorwill”?

It's all about the little boy who wouldn't go to mill—

He heard it in the sunshine, from the ripple of a rill—

And they whipped poor Will o' the meadows!

A LITTLE SONG OF LOVE

Blue sky, bend above her
Brightly day by day;
Lilies, lean and love her—
Violets, deck her way!

For her smile is like the light that makes the morning,
And her eyes are like the blue that makes the sky;
And her lips are like the crimson rose adorning
The gardens when the springtime passes by.

Earth grew green beneath her,
Glad her grace to greet;
All your roses wreath her—
Thornless, fadeless, sweet!

For her smile is like the light that makes the morning,
The light that lures the angels from the sky;
And her love—it is a deathless rose adorning
The gardens when the springtime passes by!

AUTUMN

There's somethin' in the burnin'
Of the sun, as he goes down,
That's hintin' of the turnin'
Of the leaves to gold and brown.

The air is gettin' clearer
On the valley an' the plain,
For the winter's drawin' nearer
With its sunshine an' its rain.

You kin see the blue smoke curlin'
From a hundred happy huts,
An' kin hear the sudden droppin'
Of the heavy hick'ry nuts.

An' the days is feelin' softer
An' the nights is growin' chill,
An' the wind is makin' music
Down the valley, up the hill.

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

Oh, the mellow, yellow autumn!

It is happy on the way,

An' the sweet days seem a mixture

Of the summer an' the May.

An' the world is sweetly dreamin'

Where the dreams is brightest—best,

An' her mountains an' her meadows

Sing a song of peace and rest!

THE FATE OF THE 'POSSUM

De 'possum say: "You can't ketch me;
I knows you des ain't able."
I climb en take him fum dat tree,
En lay him on de table!

De 'possum say: "You can't cook me,—
Ner any man in town, suh!"
De Fire say: "Des wait en see!
Yo' name is Mister Brown, suh!"

En den de 'possum take a fit,
En raise a mighty row, suh;
De preacher eat up ever' bit,
En say: "Whar is you now, suh?"

WAVE YOUR HAND TO CARE

Get out into the morning
And breathe the blessed air;
Light up your soul with sunshine
And wave your hand to care!

Go where the streams are singing—
Stand where the skies are fair;
God's bells of joy are ringing—
So wave your hand to care!

SLUMBER-BOUND

Gwine off ter sleepy lan'—
Tell de worl' good-by;
Kiss yo' han'—yo' li'l' han'—
Shet yo' li'l' eye.

Lay dar in yo' li'l' place—
Rockaby, lak' dis;
W'en de sun peep in yo' face
Say, "How sweet you is!"

Gwine off ter sleepy lan'—
He his mammy's joy.
Flower in his li'l' han'—
Good-night, li'l' boy!

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

“Dear Mister Santy Claus: We’s two little boys in
blue,
An’ we thought we’d write a letter, ’fore Chris’mus
comes, to you;
We live here with our parents, in a house ’at’s painted
green,
An’ of all the boys ’at ask fer toys we’re the best you
ever seen!

“An’ so, we thought we’d tell you jus’ what to bring,
’cos we
Know ’at you have a heap to do, an’ busy as kin be!
We know you’re hitchin’ up your team, an’ purty soon
you’ll leave,
An’ these things is thes all we want—thes all—on
Chris’mus Eve:

“Two little drums,
An’ sugar plums
An’ a slate ’at won’t do any sums;
An’ a Hobby Hoss
You kin ride across,
An’ bicycles, an’ balls to toss;

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

An' a steamer-boat
(Like the ones 'at float),
An' a wagon hitched to a Billy Goat;
An' tops to spin
(What they's music in),
An' a climbin' monkey, dressed in tin;
An' two toy-guns
(Like the Jones's ones),
An' a railroad train 'at winds an' runs;
An' a slidin' sled
'At's painted red,
An' a bran'-new little trundle bed;
Horns, whistles, drums,
An' sugar-plums—
Bring all you've got when Chris'mus comes!

"We thes thought that we'd tell you, 'cos you got so
much to do,
An' all the little boys an' girls is writin' notes to you;
We was 'fraid you might forget us, while you're hitchin'
up to leave;
But them things is thes all we want—thes all—on
Chris'mus Eve!"

MARCH

He comes in like a lion—
He boisterously blows;
He tilts the lily over
And rumples every rose.

The February quiet
Was more than he could bear;
He needs must raise a riot
To 'liven up the year.

He brings a breath of blossoms
From flowering fields of May,
And sings of April, dreaming
Beneath a rainbow's ray.

But soon his song and clamor
'Neath starry skies shall cease,
And Spring, with lips rose-reddened,
Shall kiss him into peace.

WHAT MORE?

A corner cool and cozy—
An oak's green branches spread;
And peaches hanging rosy,
And melons ripe and red!

A THANKSGIVING SONG

It's comin' 'long—Thanksgiving', with its pleasures and
its joys—

An' we're all a-lookin' forward to the meetin' with the
boys;

An' Sue will come from college, an' Jimmy won't for-
get,

An' we'll all feel mighty thankful that we're all a-livin'
yet!

The turkey's been a-spreadin' of his feathers—fat an'
fine,

An' his "gobble, gobble, gobble" seems a-darin' us to
dine;

But the verdict's been ag'in him, an' his execution's set,
An' he makes us feel right happy that we're all a-livin'
yet!

There's folks will come from Texas, from Illinois and
Maine;

New York will send us Billy, an' Hampshire'll give us
Jane;

A T H A N K S G I V I N G S O N G

We'll have a great handshakin' when all the friends are
met,
An' won't we feel right happy that we're all a-livin'
yet!

It's comin' 'long—Thanksgivin', with all its love an'
light,
Its dinners in the daytime, its melodies at night;
The turkey's fat and juicy—the table silver's set,
An' we're feelin' mighty happy that we're all a-livin'
yet!

AT THE GATE

She comes to meet me when the soft twilight
Darkens the roses round my garden gate,
And wistfully the dewy blue eyes wait—
Twin, tender stars, that glorify my night;
And as my steps draw near I read aright
The meaning in her eyes—divine and great:
Love that comes early and yet lingereth late;
In God's own garment of celestial white!

Up to my heart she climbs—my little one!
Close to my bosom nestles like a dove,
With soft caresses of her gentle hand.
(Ah, God! if some day, when my toil is done,
I miss her clinging arms—her kiss of love,
And only see her footprints in the sand! . . .)

SUNLIGHT AND SONG

It takes just a wee bit o' trouble
To sweeten the roses along;
The rain's in the dark cloud, my dearie,
But the world's full o' sunlight an' song!

WHEN THE HEART BEATS RIGHT

When the heart is beatin' right,
All the world is full of light;
Sun by day and stars by night,
When the heart is beatin' right.

When the heart is beatin' right,
Storms bring only rainbows bright,
And the soldier wins the fight,
When the heart is beatin' right.

When the heart is beatin' right,
Roses blossom red and white;
Weakest souls are souls of might—
Earth a garden of delight,
When the heart is beatin' right.

“JEN”

Jen's the gentle lass for you:

Jen's true blue!

Be it rose, or be it rue,

Jen's true blue!

When the cares of life surround you,

When the chains of grief have bound you,

Then her dear arms are around you—

Jen's true blue!

Jen's the lovin' lass for you:

Jen's true blue!

Love like hers is what'll do:

Jen's true blue!

If you kiss her and caress her;

If your sinnings sad distress her,

Still she clings to you—God bless her!—

Jen's true blue!

A WAYSIDE NOTE

Songs, my dear, I sing to you—
Flowers that I bring to you—
Little arms that cling to you.

Life, my dear, is fleet for you;
Yet the flowers are sweet for you;
And the child-hearts beat for you.

THE OLD GEORGIA MELON

(A Parody)

"How dear to my heart are the days of my childhood"—

How memory loves on their beauty to dwell!

The journey from school through the field and the wild-
wood

To the sweet watermelon that cooled in the well!

The sweet watermelon—

The striped watermelon—

The big Georgia melon that cooled in the well!

In fancy I still hear the dinner bell ringing,

('Twas ever a welcome and musical bell!)

And the men from the fields on the mules would go sing-
ing

To the sweet watermelon that cooled in the well!

The sweet watermelon—

The fat watermelon—

The big Georgia melon that cooled in the well!

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

Now art has taught mortals to store it and ice it,
And sometimes, beholding, I seem to rebel,
When I think of the tree where we'd take it and slice
it—

The sweet watermelon that cooled in the well!

The sweet watermelon—

The fat watermelon—

The big Georgia melon that cooled in the well!

A LITTLE CHILD

Bright, golden curls, and innocent white brow,
And lips like red rose-petals blown apart—
And laughing eyes of blue! I pray you now,
Come yet a little closer to my heart!

Nay, fear me not! Thy child-heart understands
Love that trusts all and knows not to condemn;
Give me to hold thy tiny, tender hands,
That I may warm my withered soul with them!

Oh, let me feel—since in my memory
No earthly love upon my life hath smiled,
That heaven in mercy hath reserved for me
The kisses and the clinging of a child!

AN INVITATION

Watch out, Mister Rabbit!—
Time fer layin' low;
All de folks is fixin'
Ter track you thoo' de snow!

Done got on de fryin' pan—
Greasin' er de griddle;
Come down ter my house
En hear me play de fiddle!

THE HOLIDAY BELLS

They sound their sweet notes o'er the cities—
They ring o'er the hills and the dells;
They echo the voices of children—
The happy, sweet holiday bells!

The holiday bells,
The holiday bells!
They ring o'er the cities—they thrill through the dells;
And never birds singing
Where roses are springing
Sing sweet as the holiday bells!

They are telling the tenderest story
That life with its joy ever tells;
They ring out the gloom for the glory—
The happy, sweet holiday bells!

The holiday bells,
The holiday bells!
They ring o'er the cities—they thrill through the dells;
No birds that are singing
Where roses are springing
Sing sweet as the holiday bells!

THE BAD LITTLE BOYS

Three bad little boys kept wide awake
Once on a Christmas Eve,
Though their mothers tucked them up in bed
And kissed and covered each curly head,
They just played make-believe.

"We'll wait and watch for Santa Claus,
And we won't make any noise;
And we'll see him drop
From the chimney-top!"
Said these wicked little boys.

Then the house grew lonely—dark and still,
And the fire died in the grate;
And the wind that over the chimney blew
Wailed like a witch, and said: "You-oo
Are sitting up too late!"

And the snow that pelted the window-pane
Made faces at them all;
And the clock on the mantel ticked, "Oh, ho!
I know—I know—I know—I know!"
And the shadows danced on the wall.

THE BAD LITTLE BOYS

The clothes in the corner looked like ghosts
With the shadows over them shed ;
And they wanted to scream, but they couldn't speak,
For they heard the stairs go crickety-creak,
Like the goblins were going to bed !

And then—down the chimney came Santa Claus,
Fresh from his snowy sleigh ;
But they thought 'twas a ghost from the goblin crowd,
And all together they screamed so loud
That they frightened him away !

PO' LI'L' FELLER

Po' li'l' feller, los' in de snow,
En nowhar's ter go—en nowhar's ter go!
En yit, he de one what de Master call
When de day wuz gone en de shadders fall—
Callin' sof' ter de lambs dat roam:
“Come home, li'l' chillun—come home!”

Po' li'l' feller, los' in de snow,
En nowhar's ter go—en nowhar's ter go!
But a light is shinin' fer de feet dat roam,
En some one's a-callin': “Come home—come home!”
En some er dese times—when de Lawd think bes'
Dey'll all come home ter His lovin' bres'!

“NANNETTE”

I

O fragrant Southern Roses! bear sweetest kisses yet
To the red lips of Nannette—
To the red lips of Nannette!
For I know you caught your crimson—and the world
will not forget!—
From the red lips—from the red lips of Nannette!

II

O Stars! that make the dreams sweet, match all your
jewels set
With the bright eyes of Nannette—
With the bright eyes of Nannette!
For I know you caught your bright light—and the skies
will not forget!—
From the dreams there, in the bright eyes of Nannette!

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

III

O Autumn! with your tresses with dews of morning
wet,

Braid the brown hair of Nannette—

Braid the brown hair of Nannette!

But spread where Love lies dreaming, the soft, the silken
net

Of the brown hair—of the brown hair of Nannette!

THE BABY'S RIDE

A baby on a bicycle went round the world so wide,
Through valleys sweet with violets, but Love was at
her side;

And all the roses climbed to kiss the wavy golden curls,
And the wind spread all the blossoms and the sky rained
down its pearls.

Round and round the world so wide—
Love's the dearest, sweetest guide;
Love said: "That way," Love said: "This—
You shall pay me with a kiss!"

A baby went on a bicycle round the world—as far
As the moon is from the meadows and the stream is
from the star;
And the violet whispered: "Wait for me"—the white
rose whispered: "Stay!"
And the morning-glories climbed the gate and went the
baby's way!

Round and round the world so wide—
Love was still the baby's guide;

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

Love said: "That way," Love said: "This—
You shall pay me with a kiss!"

A baby on a bicycle went round the world—but Love
Set all the birds to singing and lit the lamps above;
And the heather bells—they chimed the hours, and lilies
marked the way,
And the wild winds sang in music and the Winter
dreamed in May.

Round and round the world so wide—
Love was still the baby's guide;
Love said: "That way," Love said: "This—
You shall pay me with a kiss!"

RHYME OF THE LITTLE BOY-KING

Oh, the little boy-king
Hath his sword at his side.
(He's a dear little thing,
And his mother's own pride!)
He has vessels to sail in
And chargers to ride;
And the little boy-king
Hath his sword at his side.

Oh, the little boy-king—
He can swim, he can ride;
But they won't do a thing
To that sword at his side!
They'll take it and break it,
And scatter it wide,
For it's really too big
For a little king's side!

HIS DADDY TAKES HIS PART

His mammy's always a-whippin' him—

Lord bless his little heart!

But he looks jest like his daddy,

An' his daddy takes his part!

Never have teched him in my life,—

Can't stand ter see 'em start

The tears that rise in his bright blue eyes,—

So, his daddy takes his part.

Never 'pears ter be doin' wrong:

Sayin' o' things so smart,

I stand an' stare—fer he ain't four year!—

So, his daddy takes his part.

An' he seems ter know it, fer sometimes, he

Climbs up ter my arms—poor heart;

An' gives me a kiss like this—an' this,—

Kaze his daddy takes his part!

His mammy's always a-whippin' him—

But I ain't got the heart,

Fer he looks jest like his daddy,

An' his daddy takes his part!

JESSIE TENNILLE ANDERSON

THE QUEEN OF THE REGIMENT

[The youngest child of a living confederate general, the daughter of General "Tige" Anderson, of famous war memory.]

I

A little queen o' the regiment! One in her glance
divines

That she looks away where the bugles play—over the
cheering lines!

That she looks away, and a "Hip-Hooray!" rings from
the ranks around;

And the boys will battle for her where Love is the bat-
tle-ground!

II

A little queen of the regiment! and we see in her eyes
to-day

The glance o' the brave old general who once led the
boys in gray!

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

Is she thinking now of the phantom fields where his
dauntless blade gleamed bright—
As it flashed amain o'er the war-swept plain in the glory
of the fight?

III

O for the laurels he won in war! but what are they all
to this—
To a little queen o' the regiment whose lips are his own
to kiss!
What were the wreaths that bound his brow when
Peace with her blessings crowned him,
To the love that shines in the child-eyes now—to the
arms she twines around him!

IV

O little queen o' the regiment, crowned of the skies
above,
The rippling banner over you is the banner bright of
Love!
And fair be your way forever—splendid your dreams
and joys
In the arms of your country's hero, with "Hip-Hoo-
ray!" from the boys!

RECOMPENSE

So many sorrows had beset my way
I thanked God for the dying of the day.

The shadows gloomed above my hopeless path,
And even life's roses veiled red thorns of wrath.

So that I railed at Fortune or at Fate,
When little feet came pattering to the gate.

And lips that leaned to kiss me sweetly smiled,
And life seemed lovelier for a little child!

O, truest love, that comforts in our need!
Is it not writ, "A little child shall lead"?

THE FAMILY OPINION

Daddy says, boys—they must stick to the farm;
No use in raisin' a row.
Cities will do you a worl' full o' harm.
(Daddy he wants me to plow!)

Mother says, boys—they must stick to the home;
Livin' in cities ain't cheap.
Boy got run over who wanted to roam.
(Mother, she wants me to sweep!)

Sister's the sensiblest one o' the lot;
Says it's the right thing to go.
Work in the fields in the summer is hot.
(Sister's a-ketchin' a beau!)

HE WHISTLED ON THE WAY

No deeds of fame enshrined his name—

No laurel-wreath or bay;

And yet he made earth happier:

He whistled on the way!

When sorrow frowned and stars were drowned

In stormy skies and gray,

He saw the light stream through the night:

He whistled on the way!

And even grief found sweet relief—

Hope shed a brighter ray,

And hearts he knew not blessed him

For whistling on the way!

And when from life's dark shadows

He passed into the day

They wrote above this line of love:

"He whistled on the way!"

THE LITTLE WAIFS

We won't have no Chris'mus
To come an' make us glad,
'Cos we ain't got no mother,
Ner father—like we had.
It don't come to no place like this:—
We's orphans—that's thes what we is!

But Johnny—he's too little
To know our parunts' dead;
An' he thes waits fer Santy Claus
An' hears him on the shed;
An' he's hung them stocks er his,
Thes like folks knowed wher orphants is!

But Sis an' me—we's older,
An' we thes keep awake
An' ask God, please sen' Santy Claus
Only fer Johnny's sake.
'Cos he's done hung them socks er his,
Thes like God knowed wher orphants is!

THE OLD-TIME CIRCUS CLOWN

I wonder where's the circus clown, with all his fun an'
noise—

The feller who jest ruled the ring when you an' me
were boys?

There's lots o' funny fellers now that travel with the
show;

But where's the old-time circus clown we all knowed
long ago?

I remember, like 'twas yesterday, his every smile and
frown—

The capers that he cut up when the circus come to
town;

How the old ringmaster nagged him; all his frolic and
his fuss;

Jest the best thing in the circus—was the old-time clown
to us!

When he smiled, we fell to laughin'; when he laughed,
we give a shout!

We was always watching for him and a-follerin' him
about;

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

He use to come so reg'lar that we knowed him, up and
down;

He was sociable an' friendly—was the old-time circus
clown.

We would jump behind his wagon, when he wasn't tell-
in' jokes,

An' he'd give a grin o' welcome; maybe ask us how's the
folks?

He knowed the little boys an' gyrls from Billville clean
to Brown,

An' they loved him—every one o' them—the old-time
circus clown.

I wonder where he's gone to now? The circus comes
along,

An' the steam pianner's playin' of a screechy sort o'
song;

There's half a dozen painted chaps in every street pa-
rade;

But their fun is mighty solemn to the fun the old clown
made!

OLD-TIME CIRCUS CLOWN

I wonder what's become o' him? I guess they've laid
him by;
Warn't used to three-ringed circuses an' women kickin'
high;
He kinder saw his time was up; the circus lights grewed
dim,
An' he couldn't see the faces of the old boys cheerin'
him.

He's gone an' gone forever, but on every circus day,
When I sit with all the children where the new clowns
prance an' play,
My old eyes grow right misty, an' a tear comes tum-
blin' down
From a old-time circus feller, for the old-time circus
clown!

TO A LITTLE ONE

The way is long for thee, dear one,
But 'tis the same way I have trod;
I cannot say: "This evil shun,
Or take this way that leads to God."
Find thou the way with thy frail feet,
Even as I have found it sweet!

I cannot say: "Beware the thorn!"
Because, above it climbs the rose;
Nor whisper: "Night will follow morn."
For stars will shine at daylight's close.
Find thou the light and darkness fleet,
Even as I have found them, sweet!

And yet, for only thy dear sake,
The tenderest prayer that thrills my breast
Is that the kind, good God shall make
A world of roses for thy rest!
But thou must find, with thy dear feet,
The thorn or rose—as I have, sweet!

NO TIME FOR TROUBLE

Ain't got no time fer trouble—fer Billy's at the gate
With a little willer basket that is wrigglin' with the
bait;

An' the river looks invitin', an' it's shady as kin be,
An' fer all the fish that's bitin', thar's a fish 'll wait fer
me!

Down by the river—
Life is like a song,
An' the yaller perch air bitin'
The rosy mornin' long!

Ain't got no time fer trouble—fer weather's mighty
fine,
An' I see the worm wriggle on the fur end o' the line;
The mockin'-birds air singin' in the blossoms all eroun',
But the best the weather's bringin' is the cork a-goin'
down!

Down by the river—
Life is like a song,
An' the yaller perch air bitin'
The rosy mornin' long!

ONE OF THE FAITHFUL

[“Mammy” Hester Ann Buffington in the ninety-third year of her age, the faithful and beloved nurse of three generations.]

Crossed—the last dim river—ended now the way:
Faithful in life’s winter, and singing in its May:
Love that still was loyal—love that nothing craves—
Hands that rocked Life’s cradle and wreathed with
flowers its graves.

Stormy days or sunny,
Knowing not to roam
Till that—“Good-by, honey:—
Mammy’s gwine Home!”

Toiling, ever faithful: by those hands caressed
Childhood left its playthings—climbing to her breast:
And the old, sweet songs she sang us in twilight
shadows deep! . . .

“Sing us all to sleep, Mammy—sing us all to sleep!”

ONE OF THE FAITHFUL

In Life's storm or splendor,
Knowing not to roam
Till that farewell tender:—
“Mammy's gwine Home!”

And I think somewhere the angels—far from this world
of sighs,
Let the first light of Heaven dawn on the dying eyes;
And they said there, of the angels, as they felt the shadows creep:—
“They are singing you to sleep, Mammy, they are singing you to sleep!”

And the Lord—he will deliver! . . .
And to the lives that roam
Comes that echo o'er Death's River:—
“Mammy's safe at Home!”

ALL ABOARD

We've forgotten all the rain:

Doves o'er meadows wingin';

Yonder comes the picnic train

An' mockin'-birds are singin'!

THE MOCKING-BIRD

De mockin'-bird done fol' his wing
En hide away fum snow;
You ain't a-gwine ter heah him sing;
De weather freeze him so!

He say: "I'll keep my music
Ontell de roses grow;
I fol' my wing: I des won't sing
'Twell sunshine cl'ar de snow.

"My chillun, dey done flewed away,
Though I been love 'em so;
Dey gone ter whar de springtime stay,
En lef' me in de snow!

"En so, I'll keep my music
While all de blizzards blow;
You ain't a-gwine ter heah me sing
In dis heah sleet en snow!"

WITH JOHNNY'S KITE

Where's that spool o' thread o' mother's?

Not a living soul can guess!

Where's that very pretty pattern

That was cut from sister's dress?

Where are all the silken tassels

Of the curtains? Out of sight!

And we can not hope to find 'em,

For they're up with Johnny's kite!

Where are father's new suspenders

That he hasn't worn a week?

Where's the saddle-girth and bridle?

Let the household standard speak!

Where's the flour we bought for breakfast?

In a scattered paste of white!

All the household's topsy-turvy

And gone up with Johnny's kite!

"SOME OF THESE DAYS"

I

"Some of these days"—that's the way that we sing it:
"Some of these days"—so the merry bells ring it;
In the dark o' the ways
All the stars are ablaze
O'er the dreams that are leading to "Some of these
days!"

II

"Some of these days"—that's the old song forever:
Life will reach heights crowning every endeavor;
And prayer will be praise
Where anthems we'll raise
In the beautiful sunrise of "Some of these days!"

III

"Some of these days"—that's the way for the singing!
"Some of these days"—let the bells keep a-ringing!
Though sorrow betrays
And the thorns choke the ways,
God's roses will bloom for us "Some of these days!"

HIS SERMONS

W'en de li'l' chillun cry
Ez de col' win' wailin' by,
Does you clothe 'um, does you feed 'um? Tell me dat!
Ef you don't yo' chance is slim
W'en you reach de sight er Him
Who show you whar' de li'l' chillun at!

Do de li'l' chillun say,
Ez you walkin' 'long yo' way:
"De good Lawd sont 'im ter us!" Tell me dat!
Ef dey don't, you'll never rise
Ter dem mansions in de skies
What' de mostest er de li'l' chillun at!

THE HOME CALLING

Far off the hills are calling where fair the country
shines

And the brown thrush pipes his treble in the tangle of
the vines;

I hear the dews a-falling where the meadow-daisies
foam,

And hills and streams are calling: "Come home—come
home—come home!"

I hear it in the blowing of the wild winds o'er the
dells—

The singing of the mocking-birds, the ringing of the
bells;

In twilight shadows falling on fields I loved to roam—
That low, sweet calling—calling: "Come home—come
home—come home!"

It tinkles in the fountains—that message sweet to me;
It echoes o'er the mountains and sings across the sea;
The bee is in the blossom, the lark flies o'er the loam,
And Love with yearning bosom calls still: "Come home
—come home!"

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

"Come home!" The sad winds sing it across the rippled rills;

"Come home!" The glad bells ring it: "The night is on the hills!"

"Come home! The lights are shining to guide the feet that roam."

And on Love's breast reclining in dreams my heart goes home!

A RAIN SONG

What de use er sighin'

Kase it cloudy overhead?

Sky is des a-cryin'

Kase de sun is gone ter bed!

Can't be always sunny—

Hush, my li'l' one!

Go ter sleep, my honey,

En you'll wake up in de sun!

Go ter sleep—

Go ter sleep;

Dar's gold in de rainbow, en you gwine ter git a heap!

Ain't it time fer bringin'

Er de dark along?

Ain't de rain a-singin'

Of a by-by song?

Close yo' eyes, my honey—

Hush, my li'l' one!

Can't be always sunny,—

But you'll wake up in de sun!

Go ter sleep—

Go ter sleep;

Dar's gold in de rainbow, en you gwine ter git a heap!

THE KITE MAKER

I

Uncle Jerry is a good one—thes as good as good kin
be;

He always is a-makin' of the bestest things for me!

An' he says: "Thes like a kite, in this worl', from left
to right,

They's lots o' folks a-flyin', but they dunno whar to
light!"

II

Uncle Jerry is a good one—he worke, an' talks, an'
sings,

An' thes keeps on a-tellin' of the skeeriest o' things!

But he says: "Thes like a kite, in this worl', from left
to right,

They's lots o' folks a-flyin', but they dunno whar to
light!"

THE TOILER'S DREAM

I

He looks beyond the shadows of the west—
The day's dull labor done—
To the white city of eternal rest
Where shines a deathless sun.

II

Long was the toil and thorn-strewn was the road,
But toil and pain must cease;
Rest for the weary, and the lifted load
In violet-vales of Peace.

III

On his dim vision dawns the lovelier day—
The cloudless morn and bright,
And unseen angels beckon him away
Where there is no more Night.

L. of C.

THE SEED DROPPER

I

I drap de seed in de furrow—so,
En I pray de Lawd fer de seed ter grow
W'en de warm sun shine en de cool win' blow
In de harvest over yander!

II

I drap de seed, en I thinks I see
De green blades bendin' down ter me,
En de reapers singin' fur en free
In de harvest over yander!

III

En de seed—it sleep in its rainy bed
'Twel de sun shine down fum overhead,
En it sho' ter bring my daily bread
In de harvest over yander!

THE WIND AND THE DREAMS

Across the dew-sweet meadows and over vales and
streams

The wind is not a dreamer, but he's ever whispering
dreams!

In quiet, hidden places—fields where they sow and
reap,

Forever and forever he sings the world to sleep!

And it's love-time and dream-time

By valleys, hills, and streams,

And life is with the daisies,

And Love is with the dreams!

He wafts to you the music of the dove's delighted
wings,

In the swaying vines he's saying just innumerable
things!

And he knows the sweet home-places where the morn-
ing-glories creep,—

And the children's rosy faces, and he sings them all to
sleep!

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

And it's love-time and dream-time
By all the hills and streams,
And life is with the daisies,
And Love is with the dreams!

RECOMPENSE

Round and round the old world goes;
Ain't she hard to beat?
Gives a thorn with every rose,
But every rose is sweet!

RAIN

What of the rain? Each drop of dew
From clouds that hide a bend of blue,
Falls on a rose that blooms for you!

THE CHRISTMAS CHILDREN

"How many days till Christmas?"

They're countin' 'em one by one;

"How many days

To the frosty ways

Where the beautiful reindeer run?"

"How many days till Christmas?"

Let 'em hasten o'er hill and plain!

Story and song—

Let 'em speed along,

And we'll all be boys again!

A FISHERMAN'S OPINION

The fellers studyin'—writin'
In the dusty, rusty town,
Kin feel the fish a-bitin'—
See the cork a-goin' down!

But the sunshine is a-tanglin'
Of the shadders whar I stay,
An' the honeysuckle's danglin'
Whar I ketch 'em every day!

HIS FIRE TALK

Red Fire in
De chimbly-place;
Show me now
My Sweetheart face!

Red Fire answer:
"Face too black
Ter show off well
On de chimbly-back!"

IN MISTY DAYS

Mist on the mountain
And mist on the plain,
(If you thanked God for sunshine,
Still thank Him for rain!)

Why should a fellow
Of winter complain
When Love leads the roses
To sunshine again?

THE RAINBOW

If you don't give in to trouble—

If you only stand your ground,

You'll find the rainbow's riches

When the world turns round!

CHRISTMAS JOYS

Bear with the trouble that's but for a day.

(Turkeys an' pies for Christmas!)

Winter must come ere the bloom o' the May.

(Turkeys an' pies for Christmas!)

No use in sighin' that Sorrow stays long;

Thorns will be found where the sweet flowers throng;

Back o' the sorrow there's ever a song.

(Turkeys an' pies for Christmas!)

MAYTIME IN AUTUMN

I

Out and away
With a summery day
When keen should the cool winds be blowing;
Here's May in October,
With roses to robe her,
And meadows where daisies are growing!

II

Trees bending down
With the green o'er the brown;
Vines just a-swaying and swinging;
And hark! from the dells
Music sweeter than bells
Floats skyward.—The Mocking-bird's singing!

III

Out and away!
And the rose-dreams of May—
Gold-gleams where each sun-circled hill is;
If the little boy's lost
Where the red leaves are tossed,
You'll find him asleep in the lilies!

OUR FRIEND "BOBWHITE"

In the brisk October weather,
In meadows of delight,
Once more the keen, clear calling
Of old "Bobwhite"!

What visions sweet it brings us!
How Youth-time comes in sight!
When Love listened with his sweetheart
To old "Bobwhite."

The pathway through the woodlands—
The stream with ripples bright;
The grainy fields and golden
Of old "Bobwhite"!

Is Youth-time gone forever—
Its loves like birds in flight?
Nay!—Memory is music
When sings "Bobwhite"!

IN SPRING ATTIRE

The valley like a dream appears,
In gorgeous colors dressed;
And now the smiling meadow wears
A daisy on her breast.

A LITTLE NEW YEAR SONG

Oh, New Year,
Be true year
To all our hearts and hands!
Oh, year so new,
Bring skies of blue,
And sunlight to the land!

Oh, New Year,
Be true year
To age and hopeless youth;
Let every day
Still pass away
In God's white light of truth!

Oh, New Year,
Be true year,
True to the soil and sea;
A beacon-light,
That in the night
Mankind may look to thee!

MARCELLE

Whither went Marcelle—Marcelle—
She whom I had loved so well?
Not the winds that swept the dell,
Not the singing birds would tell
Whither went Marcelle—Marcelle!

Whither went Marcelle—Marcelle?
Not a hidden heather bell,
Not a violet blowing sweet,
Not a daisy at her feet—
Not a bud, a bloom would tell
Whither went Marcelle—Marcelle!

Need I ask them? Is it well,
Since they love Marcelle—Marcelle?
Since the rival roses stir,
Reddening to the lips of her?
Since the blossoms, blown above her,
Hide her, whispering, "We love her!"

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

Since the violets are sweeter
For the thought that they shall meet her?
Since the winds on land and sea
Kiss her curls away from me?
Heart of mine, cans't thou not tell
Whither went Marcelle—Marcelle?

THE WELCOME HOME

When twilight bells are ringing sweet
And evening echoes greet me,
My happy heart seems singing sweet
Of some one who will meet me.
Of blue eyes 'neath a golden crown—
Dear eyes! that watch and wait—
And little footsteps pattering down
The pathway to the gate.

Though sad the toil, in barren soil,
Though Fortune has not found me,
I know that night will bring me light
And twine two arms around me!
And let the day be gold or gray—
What thought so sweet as this:
"It drifts and dreams my darling's way,
Who keeps for me a kiss."

O love of life, and strength in strife!
O joy, to sorrow given!
O dear child-eyes that make life's skies,
And earth as sweet as heaven!

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

I still can bear with grief and care
And face the storms to be,
If Love, the comforter, will share
The crust—the crumbs, with me!

HIS BEST LOVE

He say he love his daddy
Fur ez de eas' fum wes',
But I bet you dat he lovin'
Of his mammy still de bes'!

Des let him make his choosin'—
Don't anybody stir!
I bet you he'll be reachin'
Of his li'l' arms to her!

Kaze why? He sho' would tell you—
But he des kin coo en creep,
En now her arms is roun' him
En she rockin' him ter sleep!

TALKING OF BOB

Talk 'bout Bob, by day or night,

Why, Bob's all right!

It ain't so many days ago

I saw him wadin' through the snow

To help a poor soul to the light:—

Yes! Bob's all right!

Talk 'bout Bob, by day or night—

Why, Bob's all right!

'Pears like it was but yesterday

I saw him go a beggar's way,

To lead his blind steps to the light:—

Yes! Bob's all right!

Talk 'bout Bob, by day or night—

Why, Bob's all right!

It ain't a day or night ago

He made a lonely fireside glow,

And made a dark soul see the light:—

Yes! Bob's all right!

A HAPPY JINGLE

Never mind the lonely way,
Black storm in the sky,
Winter'll find a rose of May—
“Good times by an' by!”

Sorrow never comes to stay,
Song for every sigh;
Darkness lost in perfect day—
“Good times by an' by!”

Evermore a sunny ray
When the storm is high;
Tune your voice an' sing away—
“Good times by an' by!”

ON THE ROAD

On the road to Happiness—
Bound fer happy lands;
There we go a-singin'—
All a-holdin' hands!
“Hooray!” from the soldiers—
Music from the bands!

On the road to happiness—
And the lamps alight!
Hurry up the rear ranks—
Green hills are in sight!
“Hooray!” from the soldiers—
See!—the morning light!

THE LIGHT OF MORNING

I

It's a sigh and a song—but we're driftin' along
To vales where the daisies and violets throng;
With courage that fails not—with faith that is strong,
We drift to the light of the morning!

II

Though bitter the crosses—the sorrows and cares,
We look to the future—the beautiful years;
And light glimmers bright through the rain of our
tears—
We drift to the light of the morning!

III

And life takes on beauty, and splendidly beams
The light on the hillside—the valleys and streams;
And sorrow is only an echo of dreams
As we drift to the light of the morning!

HINTS OF FALL-TIME

Breeze a-blowin' from the north—
 Feelin' mighty chilly!
Roses all a-hidin' out—
 Shiverin' leans the lily!

Mellow sunlight streamin' down—
 Hints of autumn bringin';
Green a-glimmerin' to brown—
 Happy reapers singin'!

Wagons rumblin' on the way—
 Gins the cotton packin';
Boys a-rollin' in the hay—
 Teamster's whips a-crackin'.

Milder sun an' golden moon—
 Cheerful fires a-blazin';
Every fiddle well in tune,
 An' life an' love amazin'!

THE GUEST UNWELCOME

Mister Summer, ain't you gwine? Hit's a purty howdy do

Dat you loafin' roun' de fall-time, lak de worl' wuz made fer you!

You better up en go

Fo' dey pelt you wid de snow—

Yo' roses en yo' violets'll be freezin' fo' dey know!

How come you wants ter tarry w'en you know yo' time is pas'—

W'en you lookin' old en wrinkled in de river lookin'-glass?

You better up en go

'Fo' de roads is white wid snow—

You lookin' mighty feeble, en yo' fire burnin' low!

Dey ain't no use in stayin', or in grievin' fer yo' loss:
We wants ter see de 'possum, en de punkin spice wid fros'!

Yo' hair is gray, I know—

Dat's a sign hit's time ter go!

You better ketch de wagon fo' dey track you in de snow!

A HUMBLE CITIZEN

I goin' my ways in de Christmas days—
I 'umble ez kin be,
En ever' man whar de Christmas stays
Git's "Mawnin', suh!" fum me.
I lif' my hat like dis—en dat,
I 'umble ez kin be,
En ever' man whar de Christmas at
Git's "Christmas gif'!" fum me.

LOST AWAY

Something is lost away
From Christmas skies so fair,
Dear, is it that to-day
I see your vacant chair?
I can not sing or say—
But the loneliness is there.

Something is lost away:
A touch—a glance—a tone
That gave God's skies of gold or gray
A beauty not their own.
I can not sing or say,
But dream my dreams alone.

Something is lost away:
"O heart, be brave and strong!"
(So to my heart I say.)
"Sing thou a sweeter song!"
But dear, life is so brief a day,
And eternity so long!

SOMETIME

Sometime—sometime t'ings is gwine ter be
Better fer de country en better, too, fer me;
Dar'll be turkeys on de hen-roos', en 'possums up de
tree,

En we'll all sing "glory" in de mawnin'!

Sometime—sometime—storm a-blowin' high,
De clouds'll cry dey eye out, en de win'll push 'em by,
En we'll see a purty rainbow des a-runnin' roun' de
sky,

En we'll all sing "glory" in de mawnin'!

A SNOWY WINTER'S NIGHT

Life has lots of beauty—

Life has lots of bright

When the sparks fly up the chimney

On a snowy winter's night;

And the children's eyes are beaming

With loveliness and light.

What though the summer roses

Have faded from my sight;

That spring is but a memory,

And all her birds in flight?

If the children's eyes are beaming

With loveliness and light?

A SONG BY THE WAYSIDE

Too much o' the summer sun,
Too much winter rainin';
But day by day
We walk the way:
"What's the use complainin'?"

Too much sighin' for the song—
Little grace for gainin';
Too much toil
On sea an' soil,
But "What's the use complainin'?"

Too much tears, an' doubts, an' fears;
But there's a rest remainin';
Earth has love
An' heaven's above,—
"What's the use complainin'?"

MISTER COLD WAVE

Mister Col' Wave comin'—

Weather-man, he say;

Soon be froze

In summer cloze—

Chillun, cl'ar de way!

Mister Col' Wave comin'—

Comin' 'long ter stay;

Rise en shine!

Dat 'possum's mine,—

Chillun, cl'ar de way!

Pile dem oak log higher:—

What de Col' Wave say?

“Toas' yo' feet,

En roas' yo' meat,”—

Chillun, cl'ar de way!

THE BRIGHTER DAY

Oh, a brighter day's a-comin'
Like a regiment a-drummin';
You can hear the bees a-hummin'
Where the roses drip with dew;
An' the spring her love is sendin',
The storm a rainbow's bendin'
With promises unendin'
Over you!

Somewhere the birds are singin';
Somewhere the bells are ringin',
An' mornin' sweet is bringin'
Better tidin's from the blue.
There's a song in every hour,
A rose in every bower,
And every sweet, sweet flower
Is for you!

PROVIDENTIAL TROUBLES

De cyclone blowed Br'er Jinkins
In de tip-top er de tree,
En dar he foun' a beegum
Wid honey flowin' free!

Oh, my chillun,
Providence is wise!
Dunno but de cyclone
May blow you ter de skies!

Br'er Williams in de dark night—
He los', en gone astray;
De cloud let slip de lightnin',
En lightnin' blaze de way!

Oh, my chillun,
Providence is wise!
Dunno but de lightnin'
Will light yo' ter de skies!

De ship dar, in de tempes'—
De billows fret en foam;

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

Dey pitch Br'er Thomas ter a star
Dat rise right close his home!

Oh, my chillun,
Providence is wise!
You dunno but de big sea
Will toss you ter de skies!

THE LITTLE TALKER

Folks dunno what he sayin'—dis chubby li'l' man,
En yit, his mammy tell um she know, en onderstan'!
He skacely is a-creepin'—hit's long befo' he'll walk,
En yit, she say: "Lawd bless 'im!—Des lissen how he
talk!"

Wid a "Goo, goo, goo!"

En "I wonders who is you?"

"He talk des lak a angel, en dey lissen at 'im, too!"

His Uncle come ter see 'im, en den his mammy 'low
He des in time!—"My sweetes', talk fer yo' Uncle
now!"

En he say "Goo, goo!"—ez usual,—reach fer his
Uncle's hat,

En his Uncle say: "My gracious! What kind er talk-
in's dat?"

Wid a "Goo, goo, goo!"

En "I wonders who is you?"

"He talk des lak a angel, en dey lissen at 'im, too!"

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

But his mammy take up fer 'im, ez he squallin', high
en low:

"His Uncle hu't his feelin's—hit's a shame ter treat
'im so!

He des a grum ole bachelder what laid up on de she'f—
I wisht he had er dozen er dese sweetnesses hisse'f!"

Wid a "Goo, goo, goo!"

En "I wonders who is you?"

"He talk des lak a angel, en he half a angel, too."

THE FALL-TIME CHILDREN

I

De sun shine over de hilltop
En light up de fiel' en town,
En dar li'l' Mis'ry Jinkins
Playin' wid Happiness Brown.

II

En dar li'l' Webfoot Williams,
Friskin' de orchard 'roun',
En sweet li'l' Bowleg Tomkins
Shakin' de apples down.

III

En yander Charity Hopeful,
En Innocence Johnson, sweet;
My! what a worl' er sunshine!—
Chillun is hard ter beat!

THE STORY OF THE WOOD

What said the Wood in the fire
 To the little boy that night—
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair—
 When the blaze was burning bright?

 The Wood said: "See
 What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
 In my leaves of green
 That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast!

 "From the blossoming dells
 Where the violet dwells
The cattle came with their clanking bells
And rested under my shadows sweet;
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat

THE STORY OF THE WOOD

Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet!

“And the wild wind’s caresses
Oft rumbled my tresses;
But sometimes, as soft as a mother’s lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid!
And I listened, and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the warm nest the mother had made!

“And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places;
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses the little ones played;
And the sunshine in showers
Through all the bright hours
Bound their beauteous ringlets with silvery braid.

“And the lightning
Came brightening
From far skies, and frightening

LITTLE FOLKS DOWN SOUTH

The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas!

But they flew to my breast,
And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung at my
knees!

“But how soon,” said the Wood,
“Fades the memory of good!
Though with sheltering love and sweet kindness I stood,
The forester came with his ax gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant, all shorn of his might!

Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me:
For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-night

So said the Wood in the fire
To the little boy that night—
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair—
When the blaze was burning bright.



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